

A SHIP TO SAVE SOULS.

The Salvationists Want Uncle Sam to Give Them Some Worn-Out War Vessels.

A warship with a roving commission to save souls and scatter broadcast the truths of the Gospel.

This is the latest plan of Commander Booth-Tucker, the official head of the American branch of the Salvation Army.

The bicycle brigade, the slums brigade, the tallyho brigade, all these unique devices for fighting the devil, will be mere puny babes compared to a big vessel cruising the high seas, with the Salvation Army pennant at the masthead, and a record of sinners saved in the log book. If a hard, brawny sailor now finds himself between the devil and the deep blue sea he can put aboard the Salvation Army gunboat, and be saved from both, particularly from the former.

When Secretary of the Navy Herbert scans his mail Monday he will find a letter asking an interview, which will be signed A. B. Lewis, Brigadier, Salvation Army. He might picture some tall, brawny man, an athlete in physique, as the brigadier, but if he does he will be all wrong. Alice B. Lewis is the brigadier, and is one of the brightest officers of the New York corps. She left for Washington last night, ostensibly to conduct a series of meetings. But she was also intrusted with a diplomatic mission, which will make or mar one of the biggest schemes ever devised by the Salvation Army.

The brigadier wants an old warship. She will explain to Secretary Herbert the many temptations and pitfalls which are laid for the sailors in every port. For instance, when Jack reaches New York, and gets a day off, what is his first thought? Home and loved ones? Hardly. The chances are he has no home, and is equally destitute of solicitous relatives. His first thought is the Bowery and grog, which convey to the able seaman the ideal conception of the phrase "a jolly good time." As soon as he gets the lay of the land after landing from the ship, he trims in his sea legs, and, with a hearty "heave ho," makes a straight tack for what to him is the Promised Land.

Of course, he finds friends. Friends who stick closer than a brother until bad beer and worse whiskey have given flight to his sobriety and cash. Then he gets back to the ship, the Lord knows how, but he gets there, and lays to until more coin accumulates and another port is reached. Then the same story is repeated.

Brigadier Lewis will tell the Secretary that the Salvation Army thinks that Jack should be saved. Instead of the cheap, tawdry glitter of the rum shops, they want an opportunity to make a place comfortable for him physically, well satisfied that his spiritual regeneration will quickly follow. Seamen have hard knocks on board a ship. There are no paths of roses. More often it is the fogging post, and if the Secretary is human he is going to shed a tear or two when the brigadier tells him of the hardships the poor sailors endure. "It is quite enough to drive them to drink," she will say.

Now, the United States has several warships out of commission, that at reasonable expense could be made perfectly seaworthy. As they stand now they are practically useless. The Salvation Army wants one of these ships. If the organization could secure one of them it would be doted up as a floating bethel. Not one of your ordinary bethels that stays moored the

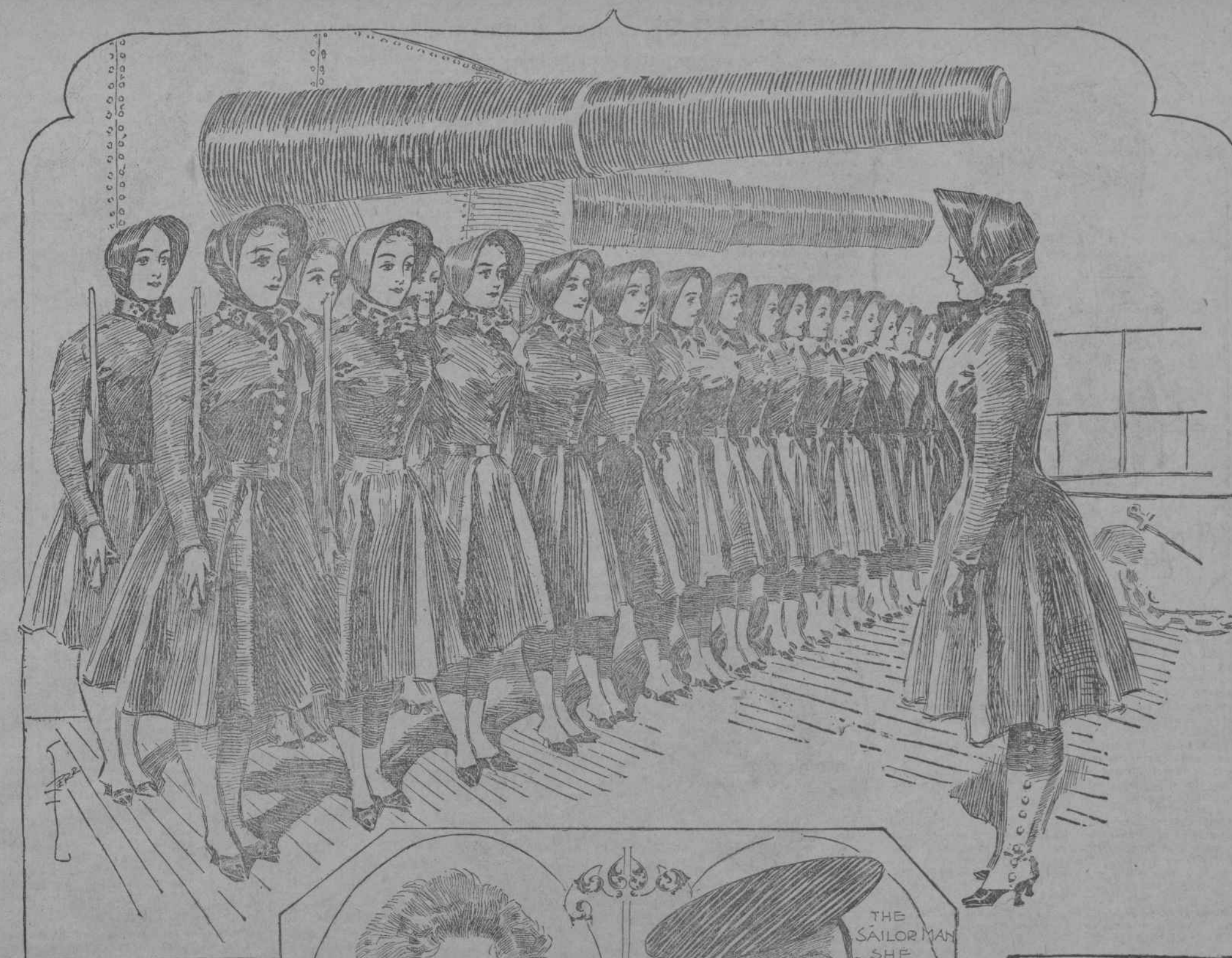
seem to be entirely different, according to the following interview with Chief Clerk Micon. To a Journal reporter who saw him in Washington he said:

"No vessel belonging to the United States Navy will be given or loaned to the Salvation Army."

"In the first place, the Secretary of the Navy would not be warranted, by existing law, in handing over a ship to any religious or other association of private individuals. Secondly, the Government has no vessel to spare, even if Uncle Sam felt disposed to grant the request of the Salvationists. The old wooden vessels not now in regular service as receiving ships or otherwise are being employed for training the naval militia."

"As yet the Navy Department has heard nothing of such an application by the Salvation Army. If made, it will be politely and promptly turned down."

THE SALVATION ARMY'S NEW PROJECT FOR A RELIGIOUS MAN-OF-WAR.



THE EMOTION DETECTIVE.

A Queer Little Device That Measures the Feeling by the Pulse.

Everything psychological is a craze at present. Even the emotions are measured. For doing this an ingenious little instrument has been invented. It is called a sphymograph, and it registers the feelings of the individual through their effect upon the pulse.

It is made of steel and fastened upon the wrist. A little metal feeler just touches the pulse, and this is so arranged that it moves a needle which traces a fine line on a piece of cardboard covered with lamplblack.

Curiously enough, a sudden loud noise, such as will make one jump, will stop the beating of the pulse entirely. If one is laboring under great excitement it jumps up and down quickly and irregularly. Reading something rather dry, such as philosophy or Browning, will make it very even and regular. When one is not doing anything in particular, or thinking unusually hard, the waves produced are small and symmetrical.

In testing a person in this way it can be seen whether he is easily excited or of a calm disposition. It can also be discovered how his nerves are and whether little

things startle him. It is of great use to the physiologist to determine the influence of the emotions upon the circulation of the blood.

To doctors it is an inestimable blessing. By its aid they can tell with the greatest exactitude about the beating of a patient's pulse. The way physicians ordinarily feel the pulse is, comparatively speaking, crude; but with the aid of this instrument they can at once find out, with no possibility of making a mistake, whether the beat is strong and regular or weak and irregular. This is of course most important, and is destined to make the contrivance a blessing to mankind.

A COFFEE PILL.

Chemistry Has Devised a Way of Carrying Gallons of Coffee in Your Pocket.

Take a pill from your pocket, drop it in a cup of hot water, and in the twinkling of an eye have coffee as black as your hat and as strong as a team of Percherons.

That sounds like an apocryphal tale, but it is true. This new preparation of caffeine, which is to do away with all the boiling and clarifying and fuss which make the coffee barely worth while, has just been discovered by two German chemists. If their expectations are realized the making of coffee will be simply the matter of a compound pellet, containing the coffee ingredients, along with the milk and sugar.

This is only one of the almost incredible triumphs of German chemistry which has already produced a quinine which cannot be distinguished, so far as therapeutic quality goes, from the original article.

A SCORCHER AT EIGHTY.

Old Miss Christina Yates Rides a Bicycle, but Can't Wear Bloomers.

The Pacific coast has an eighty-year-old bicyclist in Miss Christina Yates. She is a scorch.

Miss Yates resides at No. 960 Grove street, Oakland, where she can be seen almost any day going out for exercise. She gave an exhibition of riding recently in Jefferson Park, Oakland, in the presence of a number of people. The way she sailed around the paths and cut the figure eight with the wheel was a revelation to a few young dandies who had been inclined to make some fun of the aged cyclist.

But Miss Yates does not fear the smiles of the younger members of her sex. On the contrary, she enjoys attracting some attention, and is pleased to be recognized as the champion old lady rider.

Miss Yates does not like bloomers. She does not believe they are just the proper thing—and so refuses to wear them. Experience has taught her, she says, that a light dress skirt does very well.

"I believe I am the oldest woman bicycle rider on the coast," said Miss Yates, after

giving an exhibition of her riding. "I am proud of it, and I intend to hold the record. I do not believe there is a woman of my age in the State who can outdo me in ordinary or trick riding."

"It was queer the way I learned to ride. I saw a lot of these old, gray-headed men around town sailing along on wheels, and I came to the conclusion that there must be something good in it. I said to myself if an old man can ride a wheel, surely an old woman can equal him."

"So I got a wheel and commenced to ride, and now here I am, a maiden lady of eighty years and the champion rider of my sex, as to age. In a short time I am going back to my old home in Columbus, O., and I'm just going to astonish the natives. Wont the old boys open their eyes when they see Christina coming into town on a wheel and cutting a figure eight on the way?"

"Wonderful old woman," said Mr. Wilbur, her escort, after he had scorched around the track with the old lady. "I'll



ATTACKED BY A MADDENED DOG.

match her against anybody of her age in the State, either as a distance or as a trick rider. I don't believe there is any old man of eighty who can beat her on the wheel."

JUST WHAT'S IN A DREAM.

A Young Woman of Philadelphia Solves the Problem That Has Long Been Studied.

A young lady of Philadelphia, after partaking heartily of "scrapple," retired and dreamed that she had lost her watch, a valued present from her father. When she awoke in the morning she recalled her vivid dream, and, looking at the place where she could have sworn that she had placed it, lo, it was gone.

She told her father and brother and they, making no doubt that it had been stolen, reported the matter to the police and the pawnshops were hunted in vain. On the next night the young woman dreamed again.

This time she dreamed that before retiring she had hidden the watch in an old shoe on the bottom of a closet. Upon arising next morning she recalled the dream, and out of curiosity explored the old shoes in the closet, and found the watch.

CRAZED BY A DOG'S BITE.

Little Alice Wilson Escapes Hydrophobia, but the Poison Wrecks Her Brain.

Venom as deadly as any that lurks in the poison sac of the cobra or the rattlesnake is conveyed in the bite of a savage dog. Everybody knows that the bite of a dog is not a pleasant thing, but instances are multiplying that prove the awful violence of the poison that passes into human blood when the teeth of the wild animal once puncture the skin.

It is venom such as would delight the fiends of inferno, seeking new tortures for the damned; venom that racks the limbs and makes the brain throb and throb, until memory and sense give way and madness comes, unless relief is gained; venom that destroys the mental powers and sends the victim groping for the knowledge that once stored a well-ordered brain.

There's a case of this sort in Oakland, Cal. It's a very and case, too.

"Just see this pretty rose, mamma. Isn't it lovely?"

And pretty Alice Wilson at Oakland the other day held up a gorgeous big dahlia for her wondering mother to look at.

"But, Alice, that isn't a rose—you know better than that," said her mother.

"Of course it's a rose; it grew out here in the garden and I picked it myself," responded the girl.

That was six weeks ago.

Her mother sank into a chair all in a tremble. Tears filled her eyes at the thoughts that went surging through her brain—thoughts that Alice did not for a moment suspect. Could it be that the child's brain was affected? Could it be that the deadly poison, inoculated in the child's system by that vicious bulldog's savage snap in March last, was yet coursing through the veins and mounting to the brain to destroy or impair the mental power? It was dreadful to contemplate. It must not be!

Alice is thirteen years old. She is convalescent now, but for weeks and weeks she tossed and groined in agony. Before she was bitten she was especially fond of flowers, tending them with zealous care, and knowing every plant in the little garden by its proper name.

An the roses—she knew every variety, and could even tell by the delicate shadings the complex differences in identity between the oft-confused "Madam Laine" and the rosy "Duchess of Albany."

To call a big, peonylike dahlia a rose! No wonder her mother gasped in fright and great fear.

But Alice was childishly unconcerned at her mother's anxiety, and prattled on about the flowers, too glad to be able to be out again in the garden.

Clearly there was something wrong, and brave Mrs. Wilson—brave in the face of this additional sorrow—faced the situation sensibly, told her physician the new complication, and decided it not best to send Alice back to school for some time.

The child was going to school on that ill-fated day in March, when Butcher Key's big dog jumped at her. She was riding her wheel and bowling along in high spirits. There was a growl and a rush. The dog dashed at her, and down wheel, dog and child fell, all in a heap.

The vicious brute's long teeth sank deep into the calf of her right leg. She screamed in pain and terror. A man came up, drove the dog away and helped the child home.



THE OLDEST WOMAN BIGYCLIST.

A STRANGE BED.

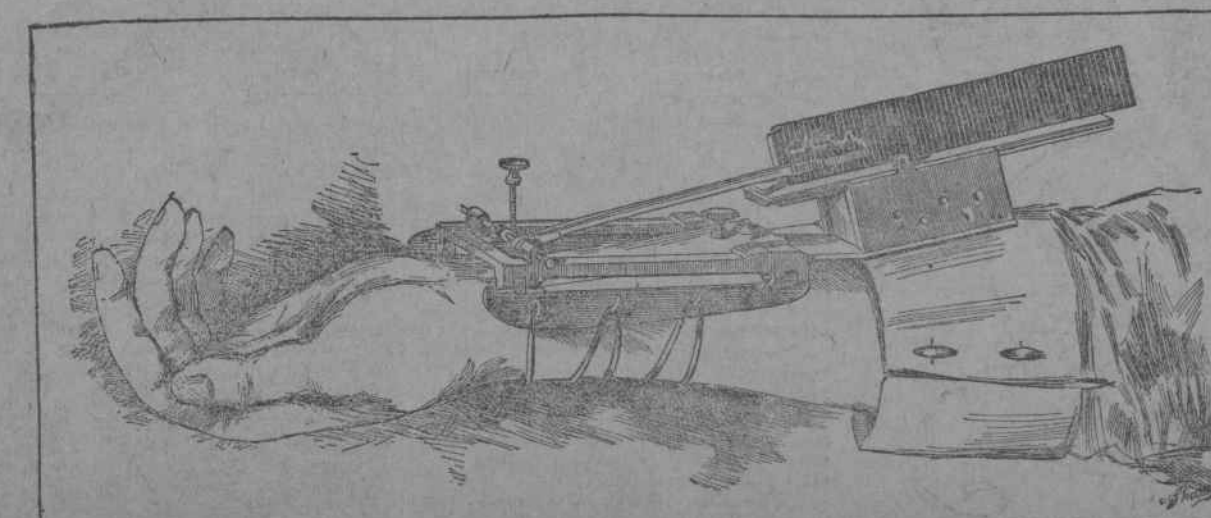
This Patient in a Cincinnati Hospital Sleeps in a Bath-tub.

One of the patients in the Good Samaritan Hospital at Cincinnati is sleeping in a bathtub. She is Mrs. Young, of Morehead, Ky., who has had a bullet located in her body by means of the Roentgen rays and removed by the surgeons.

From lying in bed previous to the operation her body became so sore and tender that she could not endure touching even the softest substance. The doctors at the hospital decided to build a novel water-bed for her to lie upon.

The bathtub was filled with tepid water and connected with two pipes, one for receiving a fresh supply of water and the other for the discharge. Then a band of linen upon which was placed a pillow of down was laid upon the top of the water.

Another band of linen ran across the feet. Mrs. Young was placed upon this novel bed and rested quietly. In this position she eats and sleeps while the stream of tempered water constantly flows through the tub.



THE SPHYGMOGRAPH, THAT DETECTS YOUR EMOTIONS.

year around in some harbor, sheltered from the gales and storms. But a craft to weigh anchor and cruise wherever the great merchantment put in for cargoes.

Once at anchor, flags would be run up and the interior made ready for the sailors' coming. A comfortable reading room, with periodicals and books that the sailors may read if they want to, and games for the old salts and cozy corners where they can smoke their pipes and spin yarns of the sea, would tend to make the Army boat a desirable place to spend the evening.

Brigadier Lewis will tell the Secretary of the Navy that if this can be done it will save many souls. The glamour of the gin mills will lose its attractiveness. The sailors will spend their evenings on board the Army boat safe from temptation. There will be services, of course, which will be so conducted as to appeal particularly to sea-faring men. And their assistance will be rendered sailors who, by some turn of fortune's wheel, are left destitute in a strange land. The craft would be manned entirely by sailors who are members of the Salvation Army. There are hundreds of them in the ranks who would be glad to try to save their brother seamen.

This is what the Salvation Army would like to do. What they really can do would